

Ans. He approaches, you shall heare him.

Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.

Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier:
No more infected with my Countries loue
Then when I parted hence: but still subsisting
Vnder your great Command. You are to know,
That prosperously I haue attempted, and
With bloody passage led your Warres, euen to
The gates of Rome: Our spoiles we haue brought home
Doth more then counterpoize a full third part
The charges of the Action. We haue made peace
With no lesse Honor to the *Antiates*
Then shame to th'*Romaines*. And we heere deliuer
Subscrib'd by th' *Consuls*, and *Patricians*,
Together with the Seale a th' *Senat*, what
We haue compounded on.

Ans. Read it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Ans. I Traitor, *Martius*.

Corio. *Martius*?

Ans. I *Martius*, *Caius Martius*: Do'st thou thinke
Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy stolne name
Coriolanus in *Corioles*?

You Lords and Heads a th' *State*, perfidiously
He ha's betray'd your businesse, and giuen vp
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:
I say your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like
A twist of rotten Silke, neuer admitting
Counsaile a th' warre: But at his Nurfes teares
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,
That Pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Corio. Hear'st thou *Mars*?

Ans. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Corio. Ha?

Ans. No more.

Corio. Measurelesse Lye, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? Oh Slaue,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that euer
I was forc'd to scould. Your iudgments my graue Lords
Must giue this Curre the Lye: and his owne Notion,
Who weares my stripes imprest vpon him, that
Must beare my beating to his Graue, shall ioyn
To thrust the Lye vnto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and heare me speake.

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound:
If you haue writ your *Annales* true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Doue-coat, I

Flatter'd your Volcians in *Corioles*.

Alone I did it, Boy.

Ans. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your shame, by this vnholly Braggart?
Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

All Consp. Let him dye for't.

All People. Teare him to peeces, do it presently:
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cosine
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 *Lord.* Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:

The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orbe o th' earth: His last offences to vs
Shall haue Iudicious hearing: Stand *Anfidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Corio. O that I had him, with six *Anfidiuses*, or more:
His Tribe, to vse my lawfull Sword,

Ans. Insolent Villaine.

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

*Draw both the Conspirators, and kill Martius, who
falls, Anfidius stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Ans. My Noble Masters, heare me speake.

1 *Lord.* O *Tullius*.

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weepe.

3 *Lord.* Tread not vpon him Masters, all be quiet,
Put vp your Swords.

Ans. My Lords,
When you shall know (as in this Rage
Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'l reioyce
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, Ile deliuer
My selfe your loyall Seruant, or endure
Your heauiest Censure.

1 *Lord.* Beare from hence his body,
And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most Noble Coarse, that euer Herald
Did follow to his Vrne.

2 *Lord.* His owne impatience,
Takes from *Anfidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the Best of it.

Ans. My Rage is gone,
And I am stricke with sorrow. Take him vp:
Helpe three a th' cheefest Souldiers, Ile be one,
Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully:
Traile your Steele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and vnchilded many a one,
Which to this houre bewaile the Injury,
Yet he shall haue a Noble Memory. *Assist.*

*Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March
Sounded.*

FINIS.



The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then
enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore,
and Bassianus and his Followers at the
other, with Drum & Colours.*

Saturninus.

Oble *Patricians*, Patrons of my right,
Defend the iustice of my Cause with Armes.
And Countrey-men, my louing Followers,
Pleade my Successiue Title with your Swords.

I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last
That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Fathers Honours liue in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.

Bassianus. *Romaines*, Friends, Followers,
Fauourers of my Right:

If euer *Bassianus*, *Casars* Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of *Rovall Rome*,
Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll:
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th' Imperiall Seate to Vertue: consecrate
To Iustice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Desert in pure Election shine;
And *Romaines*, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that strine by *Factions*, and by *Friends*,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empery:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Party, haue by Common voyce
In Election for the *Romane Emperie*,
Chosen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Pious*,
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A Nobler man, a braver Warriour,
Liues not this day within the City Wallles.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary Warres against the barbarous *Gothes*,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yok'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes.
Ten yeares are spent, since first he vndertooke
This Cause of Rome, and chasticed with Armes
Our Enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.

And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Armes.

Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would haue now succede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Dismiss your Followers, and as Suters should,
Pleade your Deserts in Peace and Humblenesse.

Saturnine. How sayre the Tribune speakes,
To calme my thoughts.

Bassia. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do affie
In thy vprightnesse and Integrity:
And so I Loue and Honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lavinia*, *Romes* rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismiss my louing Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour,
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

Exit Souldiours.

Saturnine. Friends, that haue beene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thanke you all, and heere Dismiss you all,
And to the Loue and Fauour of my Countrey,
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause:
Rome, be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

Flourish. They go vp into the Senat house.

Enter a Capitaine.

Cap. *Romaines* make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Vertue, *Romes* best Champion,
Successfull in the Battailles that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

*Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus
Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin covered
with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus
Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, &
her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the
Moore, and others, as many as can bee: They set downe the
Coffin, and Titus speakes.*

Andronicus. Haile Rome:
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:

Loc.